

MEN DRAW LINE AT POSING AS ANGELS

Not Hard, However, to Get
Debutantes to Wear Wings
at Allie's Benefit.

TRINITY CHOR TO SING

Entertainment at Century To-
morrow Promises to Be
Notable Affair.

Are there any male angels in New York? Because if there are and they will go to the Century Theatre and ask for the managers of the allied charities benefit that is to be given there tomorrow they will be received with open arms.

The benefit is to be an all angel affair. The most famous angels ever known—Botticelli's, Murillo's, Bellini's, Della Robbia's and many others—are to appear in tableaux arranged by Miss Gertrude Kingston. There was no trouble about the lady angels—every debutante in town wanted to be one—but the men are more modest, or they have a stronger sense of their shortcomings. Anyhow, Miss Kingston simply couldn't get one member of the sex to take the angelic role.

Once she thought she had a couple, Douglas Fairbanks and Jack Barrymore amiably said, sure, they would do anything to help along the thing; and Miss Kingston put them down for angels and ordered their wings from the costumeur. When they heard of it they said, anything but that. They would make more money selling programmes, anyhow, said Douglas Fairbanks. In short, the angels wished to be an angel and with the angels stand, and Miss Kingston regretfully gave up her tableau of the angel with the flaming sword driving Adam and Eve out of Paradise.

Even Boys Protest.

There appeared to be a general feeling among the masculine members of the cast at rehearsal yesterday that being an angel was not a man's business, and when Mrs. William Faversham's two sons, nine-year-old Billy and eleven-year-old Phil, were described by the press agent as having celestial parts, they indignantly denied it and explained that they were standard bearers for their mother, who is to recite Henry's "England, My England." In costume with full orchestral accompaniment.

At the dress rehearsal, the final one, yesterday the Century Theatre stage was fairly swarming with debutante angels. There were the Misses Adelaide Wilmerding, Marion Tiffany, Adelaide Jewick and Frances Field, who are to be the playing angels of Francesco. There were the Angels Dancing of Botticelli, otherwise Miss Margaret Erhart, Mrs. James L. Kidder, Miss Mimi Scott, Miss Frances Field, Miss Katherine Porter, Mrs. Charles Oelrichs and Mrs. Breeze. There were the Angels of Guido Reni, enacted by Mrs. Benjamin Guinness and Mrs. Jack Fairchild. There were the Angels of Rembrandt, otherwise the Misses Lois Harriman, Grace Brasted, Margaret Warren, Constance Peabody, Maud Kahn and Elizabeth Emmet. There were the angels who appeared to Daniel in the lion's den, of whom Miss May Lauderbach is one.

Children in Tableaux.

A number of children are to be in the tableaux, too, and the rehearsal was wonderful to them. "Am I to be in all that?" piped little Tania Guinness, daughter of Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, as her governess led her into the bustling hall and their tiny draperies being held up to adjust and other small accidents, the rear of the stage was all a heaven with all the inhabitants gone mad over housecleaning.

Trinity Choir to Sing.

The choir of Trinity Church will sing, by courtesy of the Rev. W. T. Manning, D. D. The entertainment will begin at 8 P. M. to-morrow. Baudouin de Beaumanoir, a Frenchman just come over from his own country, is to open it by reading a sonnet of his own composition, "La Cathédrale Blessée," and then Mrs. Herbert Shipman will pose as the Angel in Stone of the ruined Rheims Cathedral. Mrs. Reginald de Koven and Mrs. Charles Van Rensselaer have been active in planning this benefit and they head the committee formed to collect funds for the purchase of an observation balloon to be presented to the Government. The plan to divert a part of tomorrow's proceeds to this project was thought of after the arrangements were begun. The intention first was to give all the money to French and British charities, the French Artists Fund of Paris, the French War Relief Fund, the British Women's Hospital and La Misère du Blessee.

PATTEN MAY BE POSTMASTER.

Representative from Seventeenth District Being Considered.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—Representative Thomas G. Patten of New York is being considered for the place of Postmaster of New York city. He represents the Seventeenth Congressional district of New York, which comprises a portion of Manhattan.

It is not known when a decision will be made or when a nomination will be sent to the Senate.

Child Angels to Appear at Allied Charities Benefit in the Century Theatre.



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Left to Right—Leonard Dunne, Ethel Stewart, Meraud Guinness, Betty Sherman, Dorothy Stewart.

SAD BLOW TO HOPES FOR JOE'S \$50 SEAT

Mr. Weinstock, Movie Mag-
nate, Gets Bad News From
Stock Exchange.

It is a rare day whose low descending sun sees no new obstacle placed in the path of Joseph Weinstock, the man who bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange at auction for \$50 and then couldn't sit in it. Yesterday brought his new obstacle in the shape of an announcement made by the board of governors of the exchange that Albert Gallatin Wheeler, Jr., had been suspended on account of various and sundry debts owed by him to other members. It was Wheeler's seat that Auctioneer Brady hammered down to Joseph for two twenties and a ten-spot.

News Is Broken Gently.

Joseph is principal owner of the City Hall Theatre on Park Row. Yesterday, after the news had been broken to him gently, he sat in his little gilded cage in the lobby, holding admission tickets for 15 cents straight and looking much as does Mr. Charles Chaplin immediately after somebody has rung "one o'clock" on his head with a rubber mallet. He was cross-eyed and groggy, and he said he felt that way too.

It was Joseph's keen perception of a bargain that got him into his present trouble. Wheeler, son of a Chicago railroad magnate, owned the Stock Exchange seat until his wife, Mrs. Claudia Carlsdadt Wheeler, known on the stage as the "Girl in the Red Tights," obtained judgment against him for \$5,000 back alimony. Then Wheeler went into bankruptcy and his seat was among the things auctioned off by order of James A. Lynch, who was appointed receiver by the Supreme Court.

Stock Exchange seats have a market value nowadays of about \$75,000, but when Auctioneer Brady put this one up at 14 Vesey street on January 4 Joseph was the only one present who cared to bid. Having taken it in for \$50, Joseph repaired to Mrs. Lynch's office to get a bill of sale.

Mrs. Lynch sneered at the very idea of a seat going for such a price and emphatically declined. Joseph and his lawyers went to the Supreme Court for an injunction, and the court is still reserving decision. A letter to the board of governors notifying them that Mr. Weinstock would call upon them to obtain his membership certificate, drew a reply from George W. Ely, secretary, politely informing him that the exchange was very sorry, but it really wouldn't be worth Mr. Weinstock's while to pay them a visit. The doorknocker of the exchange was instructed to say that "nobody was at home," and the movie man presented his calling card.

"What I want to know," declared Mr. Weinstock last night, "is how they can suspend this Mr. Wheeler after he has sold his seat. An auction is an auction, isn't it? You bet, especially when it's ordered by the Supreme Court. If they don't give me that seat that I paid fifty good dollars for—that's \$42 admission to the best show on Park Row, too—there's going to be trouble."

Work for the Leak Committee.

"I'll have that leak committee pulled back from Washington and sent right down to Wall Street, and we'll have another big investigation. I ain't saying who, but somebody'll go to jail, mark my words. It's contempt of court and day-lit robbery. Suppose it is worth \$75,000 and I got it for \$50; that's because I know a bargain when I see one. That ain't no reason why the seat ain't good, or the sale, either. I got an affidavit from Mrs. Wheeler saying she is satisfied to get the fifty."

"Why, look here. A fellow named Cohn, from Ghoscow, offered me \$10,000 for my seat, but I let it go. Now, if it's worth \$50,000 to a Scotchman it must be worth more. Here's a letter from a fellow downtown who wants to get an exchange member's seat. He's got \$25,000 to invest. He's got a ten million proposition, he says. I ain't fooled by that, though."

"I tell you I don't want this seat now. I wouldn't associate with them. Stock Exchange people after what they've done. I'm going to get this thing settled and then I'm going to sell my seat and give every cent of it to the war sufferers. I don't know what my sufferer I'll give it to, but there's a lot of war sufferers in New York. I ain't even paid the \$50 for the seat yet. Meanwhile I ain't out anything except what I paid my lawyers. The receiver wouldn't take it when I offered it."

The other side of the question? Well, any one knows that the Stock Exchange isn't incorporated. Its status is the same as that of a private club. Before one can be a member one must be proposed and seconded and voted on. And then the committee on admissions will ask the applicant up before them and ask twenty or thirty questions, which

Joseph might find it hard to answer from his Park Row knowledge of Wall Street.

"A Stock Exchange seat cannot be sold save to an accepted member with the consent of the exchange," said William C. Van Antwerp, governor of the Stock Exchange, last night. "The seat in question was never sold, because no one had the right to order it sold. It belongs to Mr. Wheeler, who has now been suspended. He has a year in which to pay his debts. If he fails to do so, the exchange will take over his seat and sell it to some one who will probably pay about \$75,000 for it."

In which case Joseph will have to go on, as he says, "smoking five cent cigars and earning an honest living by the movie route."

SAYS NAGGING WIFE CAUSED SEPARATION

Mrs. Bertha Seymour Replies
to Allegations Suit of Mrs.
Edna Slayback.

A suit against Mrs. Bertha S. Seymour, 25 East Thirtieth street, by Mrs. Edna T. Slayback of 32 West Fifty-eighth street, charging Mrs. Seymour with alienating the affections of her husband, William A. Slayback, a broker, of 74 Broadway, was disclosed in the Supreme Court yesterday through the filing of an answer by Mrs. Seymour.

The amount demanded by Mrs. Slayback could not be learned.

Mrs. Seymour's answer denies drawing Slayback's affections away from his wife, and also contradicts Mrs. Slayback's affirmation that she and her husband lived happily together until recently. Mrs. Seymour asserts that her husband was a violent and unmanageable man, was cross-eyed and groggy, and he said he felt that way too.

Mrs. Seymour asks that the suit be dismissed, on the ground that the complaint is "not made in good faith or in the expectation of recovering damages."

When asked about the action over the telephone last night she declined to discuss it.

Mr. Slayback is a Columbia graduate, class of '92, and a member of the Calumet, Metropolitan and Ardley clubs.

Mrs. Seymour says that the suit is "not made in good faith or in the expectation of recovering damages."

Max S. Erdman a Suicide.

ALBANY, Feb. 13.—Max S. Erdman, a prominent attorney of this city and keeper of the exchequer of the national body of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, committed suicide by shooting himself to-night. He was a son of the late Representative Constantine J. Erdman, author of the Erdman act.

The court-martial acquitted the two officers and ordered the privates dishonorably discharged and subjected to six months confinement. Gen. Wood said yesterday that he would let them off without any punishment at all, and that he disapproves of the verdict of not guilty in the case of the officers.

Gen. Wood upsets verdict.

Five "spendthrift" militiamen won't be discharged.

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PALM BEACH CROWD STEADILY GROWING

Breakers Hotel Puts Beds in
Public Rooms—Three
Beach Club Dinners.

PALM BEACH, Fla., Feb. 13.—A rainy day, unusual at Palm Beach, kept the crowds in the hotels to-day. In the Poinciana this afternoon three large dances were held.

So many visitors have arrived that it is impossible to get a room anywhere here. The management of the Breakers put up beds to-night in most of the public rooms on the first floor for persons who if turned out would probably have had to walk the streets.

Mrs. H. C. Prick arrived to-day from New York, with Miss Louise Freeman, Miss Helen Frick, Miss Elizabeth Holmes, Mrs. John Greer Holmes and Mrs. James Childs. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Replige were other arrivals.

Mrs. Edward M. Padelford returned from Annapolis, joining her husband here. She went up to say good-by to her son, soon to sail. Spencer J. Eddy, for fifteen years in the United States diplomatic service, started for Washington to-night. His father, Augustus Eddy, accompanied him, but his wife and young son remained here.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Mrs. John Morris came here expecting to go on to the Bahamas, but changed their minds, arranging to go to Aiken to visit Mrs. Joseph F. Stevens.

Col. and Mrs. James C. Barr of Bar Harbor arrived to-day. Mrs. Barr, who was injured recently in a motor accident, has about recovered. Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones will be here soon to be the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Bingham at Whitehall.

Conde Nast, Charles E. Lewis and Jesse Livermore gave large dinners to-night at the Beach Club. Mrs. Robert C. Black gave a musical this afternoon at her villa, her guests including Misses Delos O. Wickham, James Robert McKee, Coleman du Pont, Joel Tilla Fisher, Robert Du Pont, George Morgan Ward, E. M. Wentworth and M. C. Rice.

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YOUNG IS HERO IN EMOTIONAL DRAMA

Husband of Film Star Cleared
of Charge He Stabbed
Her Escort.

TALES DIVERGE WIDELY

But Magistrate Believes Hus-
band's Story of Being Pushed
in Theatre Lobby.

Virtue and vice, hate, jealousy, envy and despair stalked through the prosaic West Side court yesterday morning when James Young, the moving picture director whose fame has been overshadowed by that of his wife, Clara Kimball Young, was arraigned for a hearing on the charges of having recently stabbed Harry Carson, his wife's escort, in the lobby of the Astor Theatre.

Mrs. Young and Carson, a Detroit hotel manager, who is married and a father, told stories as widely separated from Young's as are the poles. But Magistrate McQuade, enacting the part of Cruel Law, arrayed himself against the pitifully pleading wife. In dull phrases, completely lacking the melodramatic touch, he announced that Young's story was true; that the defendant had not feloniously attacked Carson, and he then and there discharged Young.

Crushed by the weight of the blow Mrs. Young, with head bowed, stumbled out to her limousine, while Young, his face widened by smiles, triumphantly searched out the reporters to hand them copies of a typewritten statement he had prepared. Mrs. Young, her small trim form nearly lost in the fur she was wearing, was the feature of the hearing. She had left none of her emotions in the moving picture studio, but carried them all to court.

Left Young More Than a Year.

When she took the stand Mrs. Young said that she had been separated from Young for a year or so. The night of the alleged assault she had been in the theatre with Carson, whom she had known since last May. As they were leaving she heard a voice behind her, easily recognizable by her as her husband's.

"Oh, another 'dick,' eh?" she heard him jeeringly.

Carson turned and asked Young to keep quiet and act like a gentleman, but Young replied: "That's my wife and I won't stand for it."

Then Young became abusive, until Carson warned him that the law's aid would be invoked. Then Young pulled his hand from his pocket; in it was a gold penknife, with opened blade, and he slashed at Carson, who threw up his hand. The blade gashed the hand; others stepped in, then a policeman, and that ended the fracas.

"Do you know that Carson is a married man with a family?" Mrs. Young was asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Then why did you receive him?" thundered Young's attorney.

"Because he is separated from his wife. If I thought he was still living with her I wouldn't think of receiving him," said Mrs. Young.

"Have you no use for your husband?"

"No," she said.

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